OBSEQUIES

OF THE

Rev. Edward E. Ford, D. D.,

AND

SERMON BY THE BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE,

AT

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, AUGUSTA,

ON THE

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

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1863.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND STEPHEN ELLIOTT, D. D.

Reverend Father in GOD :

In behalf of the Congregation of St. Pauls, and by an unanimous vote of the Vestry, we ask the privilege of publishing the very appropriate sermon with which you favored us this morning. We desire to preserve and circulate it, as a befitting testimony to the faithful services, and eminent Christian character, of our long-loved Rector, and as a clear and much needed exposition of the relation, which binds together pastor and people in the Church of CHRIST.

Hoping that you will oblige us, in this matter, we remain, Right Reverend and Dear Sir,

With the highest respect, your loving and obedient servants,

WM. H. CLARKE, Acting Rector of St. Paul's.
GEO. W. FERRY, Warden.
W. P. CARMICHAEL, } Vestrymen.
J. M. NEWBY, }

ST. PAUL'S VESTRY ROOM,
Sunday after Christmas, 1862.

SAVANNAH, December 30, 1863.

Gentlemen:—Your note, dated "Sunday after Christmas," requesting a copy of my sermon, preached on Sunday last over the body of my beloved and lamented Presbyter, Dr. Edward E. Ford, was received this morning.

If this utterance of my heart is in harmony with the feelings of the Congregation, which was so long committed to his charge, I place it entirely at their disposal. I wrote as I felt, and pray that God may bless my work.

Very truly and affectionately, yours,

STEPHEN ELLIOTT.

To Rev. W. H. Clarke, Acting Rector; Geo. W. Ferry, Warden; W. P. Carmichael, J. M. Newby, Vestrymen.

Almighty God, with Whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with Whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those Thy servants, who having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. And we beseech Thee, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

OBSEQUIES.

The Rev. EDWARD E. FORD, D. D., entered into rest at half-past eleven P. M., on Christmas Eve. In accordance with the unanimous decision of the Vestry, and his own wishes, his remains were brought to Augusta for interment beneath the chancel of St. Paul's Church, of which he had been Rector for more than *thirty years*.

The funeral services took place on the Sunday after Christmas, being also the Feast of the Holy Innocents, in the following order:

At 11 o'clock, A. M., the Bishop of the Diocese, in his robes, and six Priests, in surplices, entered the Chancel, in the presence of a large congregation, who had assembled to testify their affectionate respect for the memory of an old and honored Pastor.

At the same hour, the body, borne on a bier by the Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Paul's Church, left the house of Dr. Lewis D. Ford, followed by the family of the departed, the Wardens and Vestrymen of the Church of the Atonement, and a few very near and dear friends. When the procession approached the Church, the Bishop and attending Priests met the corpse at the door, and went before it up the aisle, the congregation rising, the organ playing a low dirge, and the Bishop pronouncing the words:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the LORD," &c.

The coffin having been deposited in front of the Chancel, the Rev. W. H. Clarke, Assistant Rector of St. Paul's Church, said the Anthem, alternately with the congregation; the Rev. W. H. Harrison, Rector of the Church of the Atonement, read the Lesson; and the Rev. J. H. Cornish, Rector of St. Thaddeus Church, Aiken, S. C., gave out the Hymn, "JESUS SAVIOUR of my soul."

This Hymn, always a favorite with the Rector of St. Paul's, had been used during the administration of the Holy Communion, just before his departure, and while it was sung above his lifeless remains, he seemed still to be proclaiming to his people that SAVIOUR, whose love he had so faithfully preached to them in life.

The Right Rev. Stephen Elliott, D. D., then delivered the following Sermon:

1 Thess. II.

10. Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe:

11. As ye know how we exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children,

12. That ye should walk worthy of God, who hath called you into his kingdom and glory.

"We are Witnesses."

SERMON.

1 THESSALONIANS—Ch. 4—v. 13–14.—But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him.

With what exquisite delicacy does the Apostle touch, in these verses, upon the condition of the dead He who was so bold when he stood before officers and kings, becomes gentle as a woman when he stands face to face with human affection He who reasoned so powerfully and even roughly when he was uttering truth, or grappling with falsehood, melts into tenderest sympathy, as he approaches the ashes of the dead. He knew that the grave was holy ground to the heart of man, and ere he treads upon it, he takes his shoes from off his feet, lest he should wound afresh the already lacerated feelings. His Divine Master had taught him, that the sublimest grace of Christianity was its tenderness for human misery, and it flows from his pen with exquisite beauty, as he writes to his Thessalonian Church, of their loved ones who had passed before them through the dark valley of the shadow of death. He permits no gloomy thoughts to mingle with the memory of their departed, but associates Death with sleep, and the Grave with rest, and the bodies of the dead with Jesus, and their souls with the love and sovereignty of God. He gathers around the sepulchre everything which might give consolation to the mourning spirit, and even as angels filled the grave of Jesus upon the morning of the Resurrection, so does he fill the grave of all the dead who sleep in Jesus with the radiance of hope and the presence of divinity.

It was around the grave that the sublimest victories of the Cross had been won, and it was therefore from the grave that their most precious comfort should be drawn. The Pagan world might stand, as it had stood for ages, looking gloomily and sorrowfully into the grave, and see nothing there but darkness and corruption, but not so the Christian Church. Her glory was, that Christ had triumphed over death, had

brought life and immortality to light, had rolled away the great stone from the door of the sepulchre, had irradiated all its dark chambers with light and love, and was only awaiting the consummation of all things, to return in triumph, and bring with him, in their spiritualised and glorified bodies, all who had fallen asleep in Him. In the view of the Apostle, there was no room any more for such sorrow as had filled the hearts of the children of men. They might yet mourn, but not as those who had no Hope. They might still weep for their dead, but not as those weep, who are to be forever separated. If they might only believe the foundation doctrine of their religion, that Jesus Christ had died and risen again, then was Death no more a King of terrors; then were the dead only asleep in Jesus; then was the parting, which had been so terrible, to endure only for a season; then were the loving hearts which had been so violently torn asunder, to be re-united in a world where there should be no more curse, where God should wipe away tears from off all eyes. "For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; yet doth God devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him." (2 Sam.—ch. 14—v. 14.)

And while the Apostle was writing to the Thessalonians, he was writing also to us. The world is the same now as it was then. It is subject to the like miseries, and needs the like consolation. Death is as busy among us as he was among the Thessalonians. The grave is as greedy here as it was there. The heart is as warm and tender in this new world as it was under those Oriental skies, and Love rules as supremely as it ever did. We all have our Dead—we all have our Graves. Memory is forever busy with the past, and Imagination with the future, and half our lives are spent in grief for what we have lost, in hope that it may one day be regained. The most sensitive chord of human feeling is that which stretches down into the grave, and it must be touched by a Divine hand, ere it will give forth utterances which shall be sweet to the soul. If man's impotent hand presumes to sweep its strings, his touch always grates upon the feelings, and wounds the sacredness of grief. It yields its music only to the skill of Him, who could presume to say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And it is to Him, in moments like this, that the Apostle leads us for comfort, and it is His loving hand which he places upon the throbbing heart of the creature, and bids it be at peace, and it is His gentle voice which whispers to the smitten soul, "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

That loving hand of Jesus, and that gentle voice, we need to day, my beloved fellow-mourners, for we are assembled to commit to the grave, one not only loved and honored in himself, but associated in life and in death, with all the living, and all the dead of this congregation. Not one of you can look upon that body as it lies, unconsciously awaiting its interment, without memories rushing back upon you, of all the scenes, whether of joy or sorrow, through which you may have past in life's eventful drama. For a whole generation, has he served this congregation, going in and out among you as a friend and a parent, loving you, watching over you, guarding you, carrying you continually upon his heart before God. All the sacred offices of the Church has he performed for you through a whole life-time, receiving you into his arms at the font of baptism, and sealing you as Christ's; instructing you, as you grew into life, oh! how carefully, in the way of righteousness; counselling you in your doubts and perplexities; comforting you in your sorrows; leading you, step by step, to the Holy Altar of God, that you might renew your vows, and then unite yourself with God, through Christ, in the blessed Sacrament; joining you in the holy estate of Matrimony, and ushering you upon that new life with his sympathy and his blessing; standing beside your beds of sickness, soothing and cheering you, commending the souls of your dying into the hands of God, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour; committing all whom you loved, the infant and the aged, the child and the parent, the young, the lovely, the honored, the brave, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," looking for the resurrection of the last day. What a fresh gush of sorrow bursts from you, as you, in your turn, commit his loved and honored head to its earthly sleeping place. It is like burying anew all your own dead, like reviving all the joys and sorrows of a life-time. What innumerable forms rise up and encompass that coffin, as our heart rolls back its memories, and gathers them from the tomb; sweet infants with their cherub wings, whom he gave to Jesus; little prattlers, now singing with angels' music, the praises of Him whom he taught them to love: young soldiers of the Cross, now brought back from their sacred rest, to testify to his faithfulness and truth; husbands, wives, parents, all thronging from their tombs, and clustering around him, as their representative upon earth! We cannot see them, but our heart's love places them there—we cannot hear them, but our heart's consciousness tells us that they say, "This was our best friend on earth, our pastor, our teacher, our guide. He led us to Jesus. His voice was the earthly instrument of our instruction—his wisdom the earthly means

of our guidance. His goodness was our example, for we followed him as he followed Christ. He went before us in life, as a faithful Shepherd, and never left us until he delivered us into the hands of our waiting and loving Saviour. And now we hover around his coffin, while he is borne on angels' wings, as one whom his Saviour has called to a higher Ministry, for, "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Glorious forms! precious utterances! the proper and most fitting crown of rejoicing for him who has accomplished his sacred work upon earth.

What an high dignity, my beloved hearers, is that of a faithful Pastor over the flock of Christ. How little do we realise, when such an one is living, and moving among us, what he is, and what he represents. Now that he lies dead before us, and his memory is precious among you, you may learn a lesson for the living from the dead. That man, now gone to render back to God an account of his stewardship, was, while on earth, an ambassador for Christ, as though God was beseeching you through him; was a watchman set over you by the Lord, to teach you and premonish you; was a steward of the Lord, appointed to feed and provide for the Church, and the Congregation, which are His spouse and His body. And how faithfully he wrought in all these offices, your consciences now attest. How he warned you in season, and out of season. How he unceasingly urged you to the performance of your moral and religious duties!—how he rebuked you, when he thought you careless or lukewarm!—how he exalted Christ's Church, and endeavored to attract you by its beauty and its holiness!—how he pointed you the way to Christ through its rites and ordinances! And when he left the sanctuary, and went to you, in your own homes, how truly was he a Pastor, and a Minister of the Church of the Living God! He was with you in all your troubles, and comforted you in all your afflictions. When he thought you in error, whether of doctrine or practice, he plainly and fearlessly told you so, and when he deemed it necessary, he brought the discipline of the Church, without fear or favor, to bear upon your sins. That a man, of like passions and infirmities as yourselves, should not sometimes have erred, would have been more than mortal, when such responsible and delicate duties were perpetually devolving upon him. But when he erred, he was always sure to err on the side of zeal for Christ's Church. In the latter years of his life, especially, he seemed to live only for the Church. The zeal of the Lord's house consumed him. And surely may this be pardoned a mortal man, when our Lord himself became indignant, and fiercely punished disrespect for His Father's temple. You can see this now, and weep over any hard thoughts you may have

had of him who was your Minister, but you can only truly repent of it by endeavoring to remember that he, who shall stand in his place beside this altar, will likewise be your Pastor and Minister, and must himself do as he did, if he would discharge his duty to the Lord.

The best atonement you can make for any failure in your performance of duty towards the dead, is by taking care that you do perform it in future to the living. And I say this here, not because I think that you are especially chargeable with any such neglect of congregational duty, but because no congregation seems to grasp the true relation of Pastor and People. Your late Minister, in presence of whose body I am now speaking to you, loved you with a love that was peculiar; was jealous over each and every one of you with a great jealousy; considered you as a part of himself, because you were a part of the flock which he had gathered. Remember how few you were when he first took you in charge; what a struggle it cost him for years to win back the children of the Church; how he was obliged to bear and suffer many things for the Church's sake, and you may well rejoice that God spared him to you so long. It was indeed a bitter trial to him when, by any means, one of his communicants forsook him. It was to him often like the losing of a limb, and his grief was truly intense. And you returned his love and proved your devotion to him—nothing but death would ever have parted you. But even with all this, I re-affirm that no Congregation really comprehends the relation in which it should stand to a faithful Pastor. It measures him too often in a mere worldly scale, as it would measure any Professional man with whom it chanced to be connected. It forgets that the connexion of Pastor and people is a sacred relation, instituted by the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and not to be trifled with or rudely broken. Weigh it with the most sacred relations of life, and it outweighs them all. Who connects you with God? Your Pastor, for I fall not into that miserable error of the times, which would connect you with him altogether through your own spirits. Who trains you for life? Your Pastor, for the Church of Christ is, in spite of the world's unbelief, the true school of virtue, and of all holy living. Who performs for you all the sacred offices which bind you to life and to religion? Your Pastor, for, in defiance of modern opinion, I boldly affirm that no one else has any authority in these things. Who prepares you for death, and for eternity? Your Pastor, for Christ has made him His representative upon earth, and has told him, in emphatic words, "Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained." Can any relation in life exceed this in importance or

tenderness! Can a father or a mother perform for you such offices as these? Alas, no!—these belong only to the representative of Christ, who stands in your behalf, at this altar of God. How highly, then, should you honor and esteem him for his work's sake!—how firmly should you hold up and strengthen his hands!—how carefully should you guard his character!—how liberally should you shield him from want or necessity! He cannot do you justice, unless you are true and faithful to him. He cannot be successful in his office, unless you be co-workers with him in his ministry. Determine here, over the remains of him who was wholly yours, your Pastor and your friend, for more than a quarter of a century, that you will grasp the relation, and his spirit will rejoice that his faithfulness shall have left so sweet a perfume behind, as to rejoice the labor of him who shall be his successor.

But not only was your late Rector faithful to you, but he was likewise faithful in all the work of the Church. He served her, through all his long ministry, in her highest councils, and in her most responsible offices. One of those who selected me for the sacred office which I now hold, he labored with me, side by side, through all the weary years of our early struggles for the Church, and although we sometimes differed in our views, our relations of respect and love were never even shaken. For more than twenty years he represented this Diocese in the highest legislative body of the Church, and always with judgment and with influence. He favored the Diocese with his counsels, and his Bishop with his advice, as a member, and then as chairman of the Standing Committee, until ill health forced him to withdraw from the labor. As a Presbyter of the Church, he was always honored by his brethren, and every office of honor and of trust within their gift, was always first tendered to him. Highly educated, of the most refined taste, a sound theologian, clear in his intellectual perceptions, ardent in his feelings, and his impulses, full of the work which the Lord had given him to do, he presented Truth from the pulpit with great vigor, and at times, with passionate fervor. He loved especially to dwell upon the Church, because he believed that the spirit of the times was lowering her dignity as the spouse of Christ, and was changing all her objective teaching into a religion of frames and feelings, which are not every thing in Christianity. But Christ was ever in his preaching. Christ as the sacrifice for sin, Christ as the atonement for man's transgressions, Christ as the King and Priest of His Church. For thirty years he stood in his lot, a bulwark of the faith, a champion of the Truth, the friend of the poor and the suffering, of the widow and the orphan, a witness for Christ's Church, in the midst of a gainsaying world.

But the time of his ministry at last drew towards its close, and although he struggled to perform his duties to the end, a suffering body forced him from the field. He retired for a time, leaving you in charge of one whom he loved and valued, hoping that rest might restore him to his labors. But God's will was otherwise, and he was permitted, for the last year of his life, only to address you by his pen. His heart yearned to be here, in his own beloved Church, to stand once more behind this sacred desk, to kneel once more beside this holy altar, to go in and out among you, performing the sacred ministries of the Church. But this was forbidden him, and he could only express his feelings, and pour out his sympathies through letters. He loved you to the last, and clung to you as his dear children in the Lord. He felt that he could say of most of you, as St. Paul said to the Corinthians, "For though you have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many Fathers; for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel. Wherefore, I beseech you, be ye followers of me." To the very last he kept you in his heart, and only with his dying breath did his zeal for you go out. He died in perfect peace, having received from the hands of a beloved brother in the Lord, the blessed Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ.

For him the summons of death had no terrors. Nature shrinks from the grave—the loving husband at separation from the wife of his youth—the fond parent at leaving children to battle with the world, but in spite of all, he feels that it is better to depart, and be with Christ. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee!" was a summons which found him ready—ready not in his own goodness, but because he lived by faith in Christ. Few men were ever so ready—so ready in affairs—so ready in spirit—so ready in the works that follow him. He had only to turn his face to the wall, and die.

He has gone, Congregation of St. Paul's, to his well-earned rest, and is awaiting, with a full consciousness of blessing, the second coming of his Lord. All who have gone before him from this flock, having died in the Lord, are with him there. They stand together once more, upon that shadowy shore, still holding the relation of pastor and people, for, nothing can dissever that, until the judgment has settled all accounts. Are you ready to join your pastor there? Are you so living as to be assured of the blessing which shall belong to those who sleep in Jesus? Your Pastor must meet you either as one who shall adorn his crown in the day of final judgment, or against whom he shall stand as a swift witness! Which shall it be? Determine, my hearers, here this morning

the last time you shall stand in the presence of his earthly body, that you will be one in spirit and in feeling with him, as he ws one with God in Christ.

And now all that remains for us is to commit his body to the ground, a precious seed sown for immortality. There it will be transformed, through the power of Christ, into an incorrupt and spiritual body, rising in God's own time, in power and glory. The earth is consecrated by the presence of such immortal seed, and processes of immortality are forever going on beneath our feet. The Prophet saw this, when he sang, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust." The Apostle understood this, when he said, "Them that are asleep." Daniel combined them when he foretold, "And many of them that sleep in the dust shall awake." Our loved ones, 'tis true, are in the dust, but they are only asleep, renewing their strength, putting on their robes of beauty, awaiting the summons of their Master to awake and enter with him into glory! Why then should we sorrow even as others which have no hope? Death is simply a sleep. And what is there fearful in sleep? They differ only in their duration—one is for a night, the other for a period, which, in God's view, is very little more than a night. Their souls are in perfect peace, awaiting the will of God. What room for grief, save as our own hearts may shrink from the separation. And our Saviour sympathizes with us. He tells us we may mourn, but only not as those which have no hope—not immoderately, not in rebellion, but rejoicing through our tears, that those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

We lay our beloved brother to sleep under the chancel of the Church he loved so well. Over him will be said the prayers he delighted in, will be sung perpetually the chants whose music was in his heart. A Saviour's love will be commemorated over his dust, and the Gospel of great joy will be forever proclaimed in his presence. Sweet will be his sleep under such a requiem—quiet his rest in such a cemetery. And we lay him here, just when the Church is commemorating one of those great Festivals, in which his soul delighted. It is most befitting that the drapery of nature in which the Church clothes herself at this glorious season, should be his drapery of mourning. He himself would have desired it so—for her key note was always that which harmonized with his feelings. Her joy was ever his joy, her sorrow was ever his sorrow. As the truest harmony of his life, we lay him to rest under the altar of the living God, with all the garments of the Church's beauty rich upon her.

After the sermon, the Vestry of St. Paul's entered the Chancel and removed the altar to one side, exposing an opening in the floor; while the coffin, reverently borne by the attendant Priests, was taken from the aisle and placed directly above the grave. The Rev. J. D. Easter, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Rome, said the Sentences, "Man that is born of a woman," &c., and the body was quietly lowered into its final earthly home.

The form of interment was pronounced by the Bishop, while some of the Priests standing near cast earth upon the body.

The Rev. W C. Williams, Missionary on the Ogeechee, repeated the words, "I heard a voice," &c., and the Lord's Prayer, and the service was concluded by the Rev. John Neely, of Augusta.

As the coffin, adorned with cross and crown of evergreen and snow-white flowers, rested in its narrow chamber, it spoke soothingly of the calm repose in which the bodies of the Saints await the resurrection; and the congregation passing in order near the open grave, looked down upon the last earthly resting place of their faithful and beloved Pastor. Very full of interest to all who knew the ties which had bound him to the persons composing it, was this reverent procession. There were the aged whom he had comforted in their many sorrows—husbands and wives whose early union he had blessed, leading their children admitted by him into the fold of Christ—young men and women whom he had followed with his kindly instructions and fervent prayers from the Baptismal Font to the Sacramental Altar—poor pensioners of the Parish, ever the objects of his especial care—and a company of orphans, past and present inmates of the Church Asylum, that noble and enduring monument to the Christian beneficence and enterprise of the Pastor and his wife.

After the last sorrowing group had departed, the tomb was securely closed and sealed, forming a fitting casket to guard its precious treasure until that day when the Lord shall return to make up his jewels.

On the night preceding these imposing solemnities, the Rev. John Neely composed the following requiem:

SUB CRUCE LATET—REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

'Neath the holy Altar stone
Rest thee now, thy labor done.
Well hast thou fulfilled thy trust:
There we lay thee—dust to dust.

'Neath the holy Altar stone,
"Fought thy fight, thy victory won"—
Thine arms undimmed by earthly rust,
There we lay thee—dust to dust.

In life, in death, a Priest of God,
In sacred vestments meetly clad—
Thy soul with spirits of the just,
There we lay thee—dust to dust.

"Fir tree, pine and box," have come
To beautify thy glorious home—
Thy own loved Church—thrice hallowed trust;
There we lay thee—dust to dust.

Holy prayers above thee said,
Dispensed the sacramental bread;
Till Easter break this earthy crust,
There we lay thee—dust to dust.

Faithful soldier of the cross!
Thine the gain, but our's the loss.
God hath called thee—God is just;
There we lay thee—dust to dust.

In the Church Triumphant, now
The victor's wreath awaits thy brow;
Abide thy crown—in Christ thy trust
There we lay thee—dust to dust.

'Neath the holy Altar stone
Rest thee now, thy labor done.
Well hast thou fulfilled thy trust:
There we lay thee—dust to dust.

OBITUARY.

Edward Eugene Ford, was born in Morristown, New Jersey, on the eighteenth day of November, 1795. He was the son of the Hon. Gabriel H. Ford, a gentleman remarkable alike for the highe t moral and mental qualities, and for his literary and legal attainments. After beginning his education at the public schools of his native village, he appears to have prosecuted his studies under the direction of his father, and to this circumstance he undoubtedly owed much of the refined and accurate scholarship for which he was afterwards distinguished.

After his admission to the Bar, Mr. Ford removed to South Carolina, and practiced law for several years at Edgefield C. H. But another and more congenial sphere of usefulness was opening before him, and he cheerfully gave up his prospects of success as a lawyer, in order to devote himself to the work of the Ministry. With this object in view he returned to Morristown, and commenced his Theological studies under the direction of an eminent Presbyterian Divine. At this time he had not definitely determined to connect himself with any particular denomination, being content to leave the decision of this matter to the leadings of Providence, and his own convictions of duty, after full and mature enquiry. The result corresponded with the bias which his own mind had received from the teachings of his mother in early childhood, and he determined to enter the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Soon after making this decision, he became acquainted with the Right Rev. Bishop Croes, of New Jersey, and that Prelate, conceiving an high opinion of his qualifications, and foreseeing very clearly the valuable service which he was fitted to render to the cause and Kingdom of Christ, urged his immediate application for holy orders, and admitted him to the Diaconate early in the year of our Lord, 1832. And in April of the same year he accepted the charge of St. Paul's Church, Augusta, and thus became the second Rector of that Parish. He was ordained Priest by the late Bishop Bowen, of South Carolina.

He continued to fill this Rectorship with great credit to himself and marked advantage to the Church and congregation during the remainder of his earthly life—a period of nearly *thirty-one* years.

In the spring of 1861, feeling unequal to the labors of his Parish, he proposed to resign the charge, but the Vestry unwilling to sever the tie which had bound him to his people so long and happily, induced him to

accept instead, a furlough from active service. Under this arrangement, he retired to Floyd county, still preserving his interest in his charge and favoring the congregation of St. Paul's from time to time, with letters full of kindly feeling and wholesome counsel.

On first taking charge of St. Paul's Church he found only *sixty-eight* communicants, which number had increased to one hundred and seventy-five at the date of his last Parochial Report. During his Rectorship he entered the following official acts upon the Parish Register: Marriages, 172; Baptisms, 918; Burials, 484; Candidates presented for Confirmation, 276; Communicants added anew, and by removal, 497.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him by the Faculty of Columbia College, New York, was a well deserved testimony to the esteem in which he was held in the Church at large, as a Theologian and a scholar.

In addition to the important services which he rendered in the General and Diocesan Councils of the Church, as alluded to in the sermon of the Bishop, Dr. Ford was also for many years a member of the Board of Managers of the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society.

He married on the 19th of April, 1833, Theodosia, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Theodosius Bartow, of Savannah. He leaves his widow with four children, two sons and two daughters, to mourn his loss, cherish his fragrant memory, and illustrate the promise, "Blessed is the man that feareth the LORD, that delighteth greatly in His commandments His seed shall be mighty upon the earth; the generation of the faithful shall be blessed."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT AND CONDOLENCE.

DEATH OF REV DR. FORD.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

At a meeting of the Assistant Rector, Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Paul's Church, Augusta, held on the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, 1862, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to remove from the scene of his long and faithful pastoral labors to the rewards of Paradise and the abounding peace and blessedness of the immediate Presence of that Divine Master, whom he loved so well and served so devotedly, the Rev. Edward Eugene Ford, D. D., for more than thirty years the active and devoted Rector of this Church, the earnest and affectionate Pastor of this congregation;

Therefore, Resolved, That in meekly bowing to this afflictive dispensation of His wise and loving Providence, we are sustained and comforted by the knowledge that our departed Pastor has, for an entire generation, not only been diligent "in season, and out of season," to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, to our fathers and ourselves, but has also been himself a distinguished example of the power and efficacy of that religion, which he so assiduously inculcated;

Resolved, That as we recall to mind the large hearted liberality of our revered Rector, to the poor and needy—his unfailing fund of sympathy for the sad and sorrowing, the bereaved and desolate—his untiring and fearless efforts to impress upon the minds and hearts of the people committed to his charge, those precious truths of the Gospel, as held always in the Church of Christ, which formed at once the foundation and superstructure of his own daily life—we gratefully acknowledge the signal goodness of the Great Bishop and Shepherd of our souls, in so long blessing this Church and people with such a Pastor—such a friend—such a guide—and we regard his withdrawal from us, full of years and honors—a shock of corn wholly ripe for the Heavenly Garner—as a direct call to every member of his flock to follow him, as he followed Christ, by remembering his many godly counsels, and diligently preparing to meet him, and help to compose his crown of rejoicing, as he celebrates an unending Christmas before the Throne of God.

Resolved, That in offering to the bereaved widow and children of our beloved Pastor, our heartfelt sympathy, we do not so much intend to use the customary language of condolence, as to express our sense of the

depth and sacredness of their present sorrow, and assure them of our earnest prayers that the Author of all consolation will sustain them by the richest tokens of His Presence, and bestow upon them those comforts, which he has so often dispensed to others in their day of mourning, through the loving ministry of him from whom they are now called to part in sorrow for a season.

Resolved, That in testimony of our respect for his cherished memory, we will attend the funeral of our lamented Rector, as mourners, will provide a suitable resting place for his sacred remains beneath the chancel and will place upon the chancel wall, a tablet, commemorative of his virtues as a man, his graces as a Christian, and his valued services as a devoted minister of Christ.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be communicated to the immediate family, and to the brother of our late Rector, and be published in the city papers of Augusta and Savannah, and the Church papers within the Southern Confederacy, by the Secretary.

A. C. FORCE, Secretary.

CHURCH OF THE ATONEMENT.

At a called meeting of the Rector, Wardens and Vestrymen of the Church of the Atonement, Augusta, held on Saturday, Dec. 27th, 1862, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this body has heard with deep sorrow of the loss sustained by the Church in the death of the Rev. Edward E. Ford, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Augusta.

Resolved, That his long and self-denying work in our midst, his attachment to the Church, and faithfulness in setting forth the Divine Truth entrusted to his keeping; his labor of love among the poor, the sick and the afflicted; his unwearied devotion to his holy calling; and his earnest efforts to carry on the Master's work in the Militant Church—ministering to the good of souls committed to his care, and to the spread of pure and undefiled religion—endeared him to us all, and will make us cherish his memory with affectionate regard and reverential love.

Resolved, That in his life we recognize a beautiful example of the faithful Parish Priest, contending as the Christian soldier in his Master's cause—while feeding with the bread of life the flock allotted him by the great Shepherd of the sheep—until, at the end of his long ministry, he was taken from the evil to come, and made to rest from his labors.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, as our testimony to the loss they have sustained in the parting of the tie binding them to their late Rector, and also a copy furnished to the family of the deceased, expressing our reverence for his memory, and our sympathy in their bereavement.

A true extract from the minutes.

CHARLES DWELLE, Secretary.

Augusta, Dec. 27th, 1862.

A FAITHFUL PASTOR GONE.

Some of our readers will unite with us cordially in laying a chaplet upon the tomb of the Rev. Edward Eugene Ford, late Rector of St. Paul's Church, Augusta, Georgia. The deceased was, in years gone by, a cherished member of the Edgefield Village community,—a community at that time remarkable for the careful cultivation of all that was genial, refined and elevated in social life. He came a stranger in a strange land, and without the design of making this retired spot his abode; but attracted by the manners and customs of our ancient hospitality, he lingered from month to month, and at length made his home among our people. Encouraged and assisted by the late Col. Eldred Simkins, Sr., he entered upon the practice of the law at this bar, and was the respected and, we may well say, the beloved contemporary of McDuffie, Butler, Glaseock, Thompson, Wardlaw and others, who then cast the radiance of their genius over the legal profession at this place. The graces of his classical mind threw many a beautiful garland around those halcyon days, while still he held his fealty true to Themis and her rigid requisitions.

But it was not for literature, not for the law, that this estimable gentleman was intended. A voice from Heaven whispered to his kindly nature, that there was a higher, holier work for him in the cause of the Lamb of God who came to save a perishing world. And straightway, he left all, rose up, and followed the Master.

There is something touching in the reflection, that for thirty long years he has ministered so beautifully in holy things almost within sight of these scenes of more youthful hopes and pleasures—and yet so meekly, too, that but few of his old associates have heard, except from the chance encomiums of others, of his fervid piety, his toilsome devotion to duty, and his hallowed charities.

He sleeps beneath the chancel of the Church where he labored so long and so well; and a tablet on the chancel wall will "commemorate his virtues as a man, his graces as a Christian, and his valued services as a devoted Minister of Christ."—*Edgefield (S. C.) Advertiser.*